

NOTITIA (3)

Apparition.

A P O E M.

Or, a DIALOGUE betwixt the
Devil and a Doctor, concerning the
Rights of the Christian Church.

*Dii, quibus imperium est animarum; Umbræque
silentes;
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late.
Sit mihi fas audita loqui: —*

Virg. *Æn.* Lib. VI.

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O X F O R D

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The APPARITION.

BEGIN my Muse the dire Adventure tell,
 How the supremest gloomy Power of Hell,
 Convers'd familiar with a Mortal Man:
 Where, when, and how the Conference began;
 Bring each Particular in open Sight,
 And do the Devil and the Doctor Right.

As the round World that restless Spirit flew,
 This spacious Earth, and all her Sons to view;
 To see how Treason, Lust and Murder strove,
 To fill his Realms, and empty those Above.
 While Truth was Tramp'd on by Lies and Spight,
 And Wrong Victorious Triumph'd over Right;
 Vice domineer'd, and haughty Swore aloud,
 Sutrouded with a numerous Flatt'ring Crowd:
 Virtue, with Blushes cover'd c're, retir'd,
 By all Forsaken, tho' by all Admir'd.
 Silent She Griev'd, with Pity, at the sight,
 Then Wing'd tow'ards Heaven Her solitary Flight.

Not so the Friend, with other Passions fraught
 Exulting, on his mighty Conquests thought:
 Wide, to his View, the lovely Prospect lay,
 But still with Joy malign he ey'd the Prey:
 For some escaping, made his Madness rise,
 Low'ring he Scowl'd and Darken'd all the Skies:
 Unmindful of the Many, Satan stood,
 Revenge against those flying Few he Vow'd:
 Then told the Vipers round his horrid Head,
 And thus indignant to himself he said.

These Kingdoms of the Earth of Old were giv'n,
 If I mistake not, in Exchange for Heaven:
 Their Pow'r, their Wealth and Glory, all are Mine,
 I hold 'em from Above by Grant Divine.

Upricious Adam, by my Cunning cross'd,
 Forfeits to Treason all their Tenures lost:

Then, if I hold by Titles such as These,
 Who shall my Tenures dare Disspute or Seize?

Yet for all this — *Spirit of my Sovereign Will,*
 Some Nations do decline their Homage still.

The Three Great Quarters of the World are Mine,
 How their Altars smook and Temples Shine!

Europe too, nor am I less rever'd
 The grateful Rome her Images has rear'd

Where Fanatick Sectaries abound,
 With Pleasure my devouring Round:

Albion, Cursed Islet by Priests mis-led,
 To my Hopes, is in Rebellion bred.

Not that my Emiffaries There I want:
 Atheists to Curse, and Hypocrites to Cant:
 B—— is aloft Harangues the gaping Crowd,
 While Witty H—— G below Blasphemes aloud;
 And to each other, tho' so Opposite,
 Yet in my Cause Both lovingly Unite:
 The N—— T to my Wish proceeds,
 Neglected Gardens must be choak'd with Weeds:
 Oh, cou'd I Sink the Sacramental Test!
 Down falls at once the Altar and the Priest:
 For still th' Establish'd Church is all my Bane:
 And while That stands I ne're must hope to Reign:
 But then that D—— O, damn'd Pedantick Town!
 Thus to be Fool'd by a Square-Cap and Gown!
 How Old and Silly, Satan, art Thou grown?
 —But 'tis Resolv'd, new Measures I will try,
 Quick to S—— S—— A, to L—— T I will fly:
 L—— T, alike with me, by GOD Accurs'd;
 In Vice and Error from his Cradle Nurs'd:
 He Studies hard, and takes extreme Delight,
 In Whores, or Heresies to spend the Night:
 My Vassal sworn! He loves Confusion's Cause,
 And hates, like Me, all Government and Laws:
 All Ties of Duty, Gratitude are vain;
 No Bonds his furious Malice can restrain:
 All Int'rests, Civil, Sacred, still unite
 With idle Toyl, to check his ardent Spite.
 Thus having said, quick down to Earth he fell;
 Full in the Middle of the Quadrangle:
 With sudden Glance he travers'd all the Rooms;
 And then forthwith a human Shape assumes.
 Like an Old College-Bedmaker he bent;
 His Cloven-Foot he wrigg'd as he went:
 A frowzy high-crown'd Hat his Face did hide,
 A hooked Staff his tottering Steps did guide,
 A Bunch of various Keys hung jangling by his Side.
 Quick to the Doctor's Chamber he repair'd,
 Three solemn Rapps upon the Door were heard;
 The Doctor listning, trembl'd, swore, and star'd.
 And in an instant towards the Door he goes,
 The Door, self-opening, took him thwart the Nose.
 Astonish'd, back he started with a bound;
 And thought, at least, he trod enchanted Ground.
 But as the Spectre nearer to him drew,
 Resolv'd at last, he cries, Z——s! What are You?
 The Spright, observing straight his great Confusion,
 Thus calmly Silence broke (as He who knows one.)
 Dear Doctor! Pristhee do not Tremble so:
 Pray be compos'd! What? — Not Crippelia know!
 The Devil is now come to fetch you now.

Once I was Young, nor wanted Female Charms,
When I lay Panting in your curling Arms:

Lock'd in the Folds of Love we Both def'd
The Statutes; and the Laws of G O D beside.

Then, my Civilian! As Intranc'd you lay,
How did you Si h and Kiss the Hours away:

Not Alexander, with Statira Blest,
His Passion with more Tenderness express.

What? tho' with Age and Weakness now I bond,
With Wrinkles shew'd: — for One Tumbler sends
If not a Mistress, use me like a Friend.

For Favours past some small Regards are due;
I won'd not at these Tears have flouted you.

Turn then, Barbarian, turn thy lovely Eyes
Survey me well: — and mark my thin Disguise.

No musty College-Matron here thou see'st;
Them, and their Masters, I alike detest,

Abhor, as Thou dost any Christian Priest.

Before Thee stands Hell's mighty Sovereign King:
My Subject's Thanks for thy last Works I bring.

All my Grim Sons, with Emulation fir'd,
Restless, thy Rights, thy Christian Rights requir'd.

Thy Christian Church's Rights: Immortal Page!
Worthy, by Malice, Impudence and Rage:

Envious They ask, in sullen surly mood;

What Incubus did o're thy Fancy brood?

All Hell resounds thy Name with loud Applause,
And Love the Leader, as they Like the Cause:

But above all, the Hat-brain'd Atheist Crew,

That ever Greece, or Rome, or Britain knew,

Have all their Laurels, and their Pa'ns to You.

Spinoza smiles, and cries — The Work is done;

L — T shall Finish; (Sara's Darling Son:)

I — T shall Finish, what Spinoza first Begun

Hobbes, Milton, Blount, Vanini with him join;

All equally Admire the Vast Design.

Then — to the Trumpet's, and the Clarion's Sound;

The giddy Goblets whirl in Eddies round,

To L — T's Health: — on Earth may L — T dwell!

Late may we have his Presence here in Hell!

Till he the Glorious Work has done: They cry,

Till Christian Churches all in Ruins lie:

(Son rous Shoutings rend the Livid Sky)

No single Fiend, through all the numerous Host,

Declines the Glass, when L — T is the Toast.

Old Epicurus, to Lucretius Bow'd,

Young, Witty, Learn'd, Vain, Impudent, and Proud:

Diagoras next Apollonius sat:

The solemn Sages on thy Works debate:

Sometimes he Mus'd, and then he laugh'd aloud :
Twixt Rage, and Hate, and Scorn, at last he cries,
Curse on thee, for the silly random Kiss!
To take the *Founder*, and the *Church* to-miss.
Apostate *Julian*, rose and loudly Swore,
The Galileans Empire was no more;
His Royal Priesthood shou'd for ever cease,
And Satan shall regain the Realms of Bliss.

By this time *L*——*T*, quite recover'd stood ;
His Visage reddend with returning Blood,
And thus he answer'd (when he Thrice had Bow'd.)

Dr. Great are the Honors, which the *Prince* of *Hell*
Bestows upon a *Mortal Infidel* :

Nor with self *Pleasure* I the *Praises* hear,
Your *Subjects* to my trifling *Labours* spare ;
Neither to *You*, nor *Them*, I must confess,
My *Duty*, as I ought, I can express:
Fain wou'd I merit more ! wou'd they but praise me less
But give me leave (as I'm in *Duty* bound)
To pay thee, *Satan* ! Reverence more profound :
(*Here with his Head nine times he touch'd the Ground.*)
Civility surprizing, I acknowledge ;
To Visit a poor Fellow of a Colledge !
For *Hell's* dread *Emperor* to condescend
Himself a vile *Terrestrial Fiend* !

Tell me, Ye *Gods* of *Erebus* and *Night* !
How have ye heard of such a worthless *Wight* ?
What *Thanks* are then, *Supream Apostate* ! due
From me, (the *Meanest* of *God's Foes*) to *You* ?

S. Egregious *Youth* ! Thou last best hopes of *Hell* !
All *Satan's Sons*, have hitherto done well ;
But *Thou*, all *Satan's Sons* dost far excel.

——However——let us not, My *Worthy Friend* !
Our time in *Ceremonies* only spend :

Nine times three *Minutes* I can only stay,
And cannot bear the least *Approach* of *Day* :

Then to the *Buis'nels* let us come ;
Tis what you *Study* here, and I at home.

The *Church of England* is the *Cursed* thing,
That you and I must to *Destruction* bring.

D. Thanks, Great *Destroyer* ! if so mean a *Man*
As I, but work such *Mighty Mischief* can ;
No *Time*, nor *Cost* I'll spare ; no *Strength* or *Pains* :
(*The Church of England's Losses are my Gains*)

Some *Deanery* then to my *Lay-Fee* shall fall ;
The *Bishopricks*——my *Betters* must have, —— *All*.

S. I tell thee, *L*——*T*, and observe it well :
Merit, like thine, does all *Reward* excel.

For *Gold*, or *Fame*, let little *Souls* contend ;
Dis-interested Mischief be Thy *End* :

only with Patience in thy Work persist ;

To Hell's infernal *Cæsar* leave the rest.

D. Oh Emperor ! What Merit can I claim ?

The Youngest Hero in what Lists of Fame,

Had I of old, (as *Scripture Annals* sing)

Wag'd War with Thee, 'gainst Heaven's perpetual King ?

Had I (but only the Conquer'd side)

Dis play'd, with thee, thy Vanity and Pride ;

Some Laurel then I cou'd with Pleasure wear,

And without Blushing, now my Praises hear.

S, Extreame on all sides we with Justice blame ;

And little then thy Headstrong Rage reclaim :

And try thy Lust of Anarchy to tame.

Mischief enough remains on Earth undone ;

Then check thy flight tow'rd's Heav'n, my towering Son !

The greatest Worth still Bounds and Limits knows ;

Be satisfy'd——and gall thy Present Foes.

The *Christian Church* is still in Safety found ;

Let that be first quite levell'd to the Ground.

When thou hast finish'd this, (no small Design)

Thou may'st with Reason for fresh Mischief pine ;

And before all the *Christian Churches*, still

Let *Albion's Church* employ thy utmost Skill ;

Quick against that, thy second Battery raile,

And equal to thy Mischief be thy Praise.

Her Clergy first, with foulest Lyes Defame ;

Her Clergy, of whatever Age or Name :

Rome's Pontif, and the *Ruling Elders* spare,

To blacken *Albion's Bishops* by thy care :

Tell hw that Realm is by the Bishop's curs'd ;

All Discord, Error, by their *Canons* nurs'd,

New Schemes of Government unheard of raise ;

And all (but that which you live under) Praise :

For mad Republicks still thy Strains Pursue ;

For mad Republicks, whether Old or New :

All curs'd Monarchies alike descry,

Mix'd, Absolute, their various Rights deny :

Monarchs, as Tyrant, in thy Books display ;

Bishops, as feller Tyrant far then they :

False are our Hopes, and Profitless our Pains,

While Bishops Mitres wear, and *ANNA* Reigns.

D. It shall be done : Great Enemy of Light !

I bear 'em all, with thee, an equal Spire :

An equal Spite, tho' not a Power I bring

With thee, 'gainst Heaven's all ruling Tyrant King.

I hate his Son, as much as you, or more ;

S. Why wilt thou thus aloft unbounded soar ?

Stoop ; stoop thy Wings : on Earth again descend.

A. At thy Mohition, downwards thus I bend ;

And only Wish——His Church on Earth may End !

On were my Will, but once *Britannia's Law*;
Rome should again the servile Nation awe;
The *Druids* else regain their lost Abodes,
And *Thor* and *Woden* by *Britannia's Gods*:
Idols in every Temple shou'd be found,
The Poor in Chains of Superstition bound;
The Rich in Luxury and Atheism drown'd:
All Decency and Order shou'd be Damn'd;
And wild *Enthusiasm* run Bellowing thro' the Land.
All, in their Turds, be *Prophets, Priests, and Kings*;
Distinctions are but meer fantastick Things:
All Government does from the People flow;
Whom they make *Priests or Kings*, are truly so.

These are the Doctrines in the *Rights* I teach,
No matter what the *Prophets or Apostles Preach*.

S. Moses indeed (a Wonder-working Jew)
Tells you, how Empire first in *Eden* grew;
That *Adam* was the first undoubted King,
And from his Loyns all future Monarchs spring:
All *Regal Power* on Earth with him began,
And thro' his Veins to his first-born it ran:
God made the *Monarch* when he made the *Man*.
The *Patriarchs* hence their *Right Imperial* claim'd;
And the first Son the *Successor* was Nam'd:

The People never gave *Dominion* Birth;
(As well might *Crowns* like *Mushrooms* spring from Earth:
Nations——I own——that have been reckon'd good,
But wond'rous Old!——I think——before the Flood.
Dry; hard to swallow: Some of narrower Throats
Doubt, or deny, and think this *Rabbi* dotes;
So Commend all the *Text* away with *Notes*.

ext. He of *Nazareth* the *Prophet* came;
(To Me, and Thee, an ever hateful Name.)
The *Scheme Mosaick* he in pieces broke:
But gall'd the Nations with an equal Yoke:
Of *Monarchs* and their *Crowns* he little said;
(Only, To *Cæsar*, *Cæsar's Things* be paid.)
The *Laws of Earthly Realms* he left alone;
But in Exchange, beneath his *Priests* ye groan:
And if from Heav'n (as they pretend) He came;
Their *Priesthood* then from Heav'n they justly claim:
But that a little shocks my Faith; D. much mine:

S. The Christian Priesthood then is not *Divine*.
If *Jesus* then was not the Son of God,
Then an *Impostor*; D. Which I think - *S. Allow'd*

D. And justly on the *Cross* the *Impostor* *Con'd*,
To coming Ages! for th' *Impostor's* Sake,
Of all his Torbe the like *Examples* make;
With equal pain and shame his Followers vex,
With endless plagues that progeny perplex,

te 'em from Earth with utmost Fury fly,
To seek their Weights of Glory in the Sky.

S. He first, then They, those slavish Doctrines taught,
That to Revenge must on your Foes be wrought:
That Crowns Celestial were to Cowards giv'n:
And only Slaves on Earth were Lords in Heav'n:
Doctrines, too Low, for thy Erected Race,
Reject 'em then, Sublimar far embrace:
Submission does thy Manly Tribe disgrace

Do Thou, thy native Fierceness bravely show;
Rather than Pardon, give the foremost Blow:
Forgiveness, is the Coward's want of Skill,
Or Strength, to execute his angry Will:
Or else Revenge delay'd; till Time mature
Succeed the Vengeance, make Resentment sure.
Thou on thy Foes with Speed and Vigour fly;
And ev'ry bold Offender, let him dye:
Stay not till he thy Pardon may implore;
Or if he does, let that incense Thee more:
It shows a Coward; and a Coward's Blow,
Deserves the utmost that thy Rage can do:
Thy Humour be thy Law, thy Lust thy Guide;
Nor subject be to any thing beside,
But Obstinary, Vanity, and Pride.

—In Truths like these the hardy Britains train;
Thus Subjects Wise their Liberties maintain:
And thus Rebellion will securely Reign.
Subjects, like These, their trembling Rulers awe;
Thus Kings Receive, the People Give the Law:
If any Sawcy Monarch dare oppose,
Or Pedant Bishop; let 'em feel their Foes:
To Death or Exile quick the Traitors drive;
No Rebels to the People ought to live.
Thus LAUD, and STUART, Both with Justice Dy'd,
Fierce Cromwel, with the Many on his side,
Thus check'd the Prelate's, and the Monarch's Pride.

D. And thus it is, True Oracle of Lies!
That in the Rights, the Britains I advise:
But they remain, reluctant to my Will;
Their Beer, and Beef, confirm 'em Blackheads still.
Wou'd They, but publicly my Doctrines own,
The Monarchy had long e're this, been down:
Episcopacy of that Name bereft;
And that is almost All, it now has left.

If common Fortune does my Toyls attend,
My Second Rights that Order quite shall end.

* See, The Ax laid to the Root, where you may plainly find, the
Malice, and such Blasphemy, to be the Sentiments and Language of the
Execrable Apostates.

Instruct me, Mighty Leader! to Oppose
Priests, Bishops, Kings: *Britannia's only Foe*.

S. L——T! —— Your Rights I like in general well:
Yet—in some parts, You've broke the *Laws of Hell*:
You speak too plain, —— and lay your Cloak aside, ——
Forbear, —— be cover'd, —— I chastise such Pride.
Wise Fowlers do not thus *themselves* proclaim,
But mind with *Caution* round the watchful Game:
Had I, like You, the *Hypocrisie* disown'd,
Adam had ne're beneath my Scepter groan'd.

Bravo's, in other Countries, never cry
The Men in Publick, they intend shall Dye.

Woud'st Thou? *Civilian*! *Depths* *Satanick* know;
Then to these *Rules* with deep *Attention* bow.

Let *Moderation* all your Counsels guide;
Nothing does *Vice* so well as *Virtue* hide:

True, *Sterling*, and *Infernal Treason's* —— This;
Formal begin—All Hail! —— and then—the Kids:

With *Caution* most deliberate proceed;

The *swiftest* is not still the *surest* Speed:

To *Brutal Rashness* few *Great* Deeds we owe;

Hero's in *Mischief* *Civil* are, and *Slow*:

A *Gentle Answer* all *Objections* solves;

Sheep's *Cloarbing* is the proper *Card* for *Wolves*.

In vain against *Religion* War you wage,
Without the *Serpent's* *Cunning*, with his *Rage*.

D. Accept my Thanks; *Hades* *All Sapiens* *Site*!

Who can enough thy *Politicks* admire?

Prostrate I Kneel; —— and for thy *Pardon* sue; ——

For *Moderation* all my *Vows* renew:

Then bow thine Ear, and listen to my Cries;

And make Me, like thy *Self*, both *Brave*, and *Wise*.

S. Thus our *Stage-Poets* too, are *All* to blame,

Those *Puppies* ever over-run their Game:

Over all *Bounds*, all *Precipices* leap;

Nor mind the *Lashings* of the *Hunter's* *Whip*:

Bawny, *Prophaneness*, *Blasphemy* they join;

Think only *Wit*, with *Wickedness*. *Divine*:

Turn ev'ry thing that's *Sacred*, to a *Jest*;

In *Christian* *Countries* never spare a *Priest*.

For *Fauls*, like these, *Fierce* *Ferry* *Collier* rose;

Briskly he *Charg'd*, and *Routed* all his *Foes*:

Ene the *Train-band* *Reformers*, cou'd engage

Such *Scotts*; with *Glory*, equal to their *Rege*.

For *Fauls*, like these, from *France* the *Dancers* come,

And *Eunuch* *Singing* *Choristers*, from *Rome*:

At vast *Expence* those *Epitaphs* are fed;

The *Poets*, *Players*, justly want their *Bread*.

'Tis for these *Reasons* *Theatres* decay;

Prophaneness sinks, and *Blasphemy* gives way:

Now no more with Pleasure can be heard;
 The Modest, Civil Sinners, all are fear'd.
 For this, One House a Timber-Yard is turn'd;
 Oh! had ye heard—how Pocky † D—— mourn'd!
 The Pillars too of all the others bend;
 I see their pageant Deities descend:
 And all in real Flames their painted Glories end.
 The Mightiest Emperors, Most Gracious Queens,
 Dwindle to Pimps, and Whores behind the Scenes.
 With Prudence then, divert th' impending Blow,
 Some Moderation in your Madness show:
 For Lewdness, for discreeter Lewdness call;
 For Modest Vice: ——— or else the Stage will fall!
 Your nasty Nakedness to Rage provokes;
 On quickly with your Vizards—All, and Cloaks.
 Plays are like Poysons, if they're temper'd right,
 Never offend the Taste, the Smell, or Sight:
 Lawdy Bare-fac'd must never be allow'd;
 Ev'n Whores are Mask'd, and Modest in a Croud.
 No Blasphemier be Bellow'd from the Stage,
 Nor any Publick Wars with Vertue wage:
 In Private be as Wicked as ye will;
 Do not Abroad———my Mysteries reveal.
 ———Rakes I abhor: all sorts so loudly Lewdly
 Hell Blushes at the giddy senceless Blood;
 What're ye you think, and pray such Coxcombs tell,
 We have some Modesty at least, ——— in Hell:
 Not such as is in Silly Virgins seen;
 Grave, solid, sober, serious Vice, I mean.
 Be then these Rules observ'd alike by all;
 And Vice again shall rise, and Vertue fall:
 The Realms of Darkness ev'ry Day increase;
 Lewdness grow great, as Modesty grows less:
 Atheists, with Poets, Players, (Wretches vile
 By the Saints call'd) shall Govern Albion's Isle;
 And Satan on ve all propitious Smile.
 D. If Satan smiles, What Mortal shall withstand
 Th' unerring Thunder of my Vengeful Hand.
 Listen, ye Britains! then, to L——T's Lore;
 'Le soon retieve ye from Tyrannick Pow'r:
 Nor Priests, nor Monarchs, shall in Fetters bind
 Much longer, any Free-born Britain's Mind:
 'Le reach ye, ev'ry Bullet-headed Wight,
 To Drink all Day, and Fornicate all Night:
 S. Well started, Casuist!—'tis a Britain's Right.
 Whoring's a very little Venial Sin,
 If Phyllis be but Wholefom, Cheap, and Clean.

† The Gentleman who built the Queen's Theatre in Dorset-Garden.

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And

And Drunkenness is Physically good,

To cure the Spleen, and circulate the Blood.

Pray,——when you take a new Satanick Text;
Instruct your Honest Block-head Britains next;
How by the Gospel they're all Plagu'd and Vext:

Show 'em, that 'tis beneath a Britain's care,
To spend his Time in Sacraments and Pray'r.

D. It shall be done, Most Anti-Christlian Spright!
And the Three Creeds, my Liege, can ne're be right:
Three Creeds? but One my Faith does puzzle quite.

Suppose that, nor, were by the Commons freed
Out of the Decalogue, and plac'd i'th 'Creed:
That little trifling Particle——that Nor;

(Or if Expung'd——'twou'd be no mighty Blot.)

S. Compendious Thought! well worthy to succeed;

D. Thus Faith and Practice, both at once wou'd bleed:

S. That wou'd Liberty and Property indeed!

D. Oh! wou'd but Time that happy Scene disclose!

In which no Senator shou'd dare oppose

That Vote; but all Unanimously join;

Me, and Themselves, to free from Laws Divine:

Then Uncontroul'd, I'de humour ev'ry Lust,

And only be to Wine, and Women, Just.

S. Nothing shou'd bind a British P——t,
Without each Individual's Consent.

The Horeb Contract, never yet was laid
Before the Houses; nor has Once been Read,
O Pass'd in Either:——Wherefore then Obey'd?

D. Was Horeb's rigid Contract made for me?
Did I the Thunders hear? or Lightnings see?

S. Then not Consenting, you are plainly Free.

All Contracts where one Party's over-aw'd,

The Civil Law, I think, deems Null and Void.

No Freedom with those Ten Commandments lasts,

That Boreb Contract all your Freedom blasts:

Dissolve that Contract, try your utmost Strength,

You may, perhaps, find Friends enough at length:

Do Thou, my Canonist! prepare a Bill,

The House can any Covenants repeal;

And who shall dare Oppose a Senate's Will?

But I'me afraid, their boggling at the Test;

Gives us but slender grounds to hope the Best,

Had they that Bill but Generously pass'd;

With better grace you might have Urg'd this last.

D. Your Majesty makes Merry with your Slave;

S. Dost thou then reckon thine own Projects grave?

Thy Projects in the Rights? Thou Partial Knave!

Well, to be Serious;——Nay, nay,——why that Look?——

There's very wretched Reasoning in thy Book:

And make the *Clergy* Odious: — 'tis Enough.

Thy Knowledge of the Scripture too, is small,
But that, and Logick in a Lawyer, shall
Not be by Me, insisted on — at all.

Could you no better, than you Reason, Rail;
L — T, 'twixt Friends, the Parsons wou'd prevail.

D. I've done my Best: What Mortal can do more?
Be sure there's Malice in my Book, good store.

S. Yes, pretty well — Doctor of Civil Law!
At Last — I heed not Logick of a Straw:
Tho' less, than in Thy Rights, I own, I never saw
— No matter — Malice, Slander does as well:

These are our constant Arguments in Hell.

Be sure then, in your Second Rights, take care,
That Curs'd, Establish'd Clergy not to spare:
Load 'em with Malice, Slander ev'ry where.

Stab 'em, My Ruffian! Stab 'em, thro' with Lyes.
Till at thy Feet, that Order, gasping, Dies.

Then I, my Self, will lead Thee down to Hell,
There, in supremest Pomp, with Me to dwell.

The Furies patient, shall thy Coming wait;
In Magick Circles, to attend thy State:

Ten Thousand Infidels, before Thee fly,

To clear thy Passage, thro' the crouded Sky.

At thy Approach, Rebellion stern will rise,
All smear'd with Blood and Gash'd: (to Arms she cries,
Hurling a Spear towards Heav'n,) since L — T's ours,
Let's re-attack, ye Fiends, th' Etherial Tow'rs.

Democracy, (a Noisy Patriot Fool,
The Rabble's Idol, and the Statesman's Tool,)

After her sawcy and familiar way,
Doctor, I'me Yours; Yours heartily, She'll say:

How fares on Earth the *Jus Divinum*? Dead?

Do the *Patricii* the *Plebes* dread?

Almost — then fling this *Mitre* at that Monarch's Head.

Sedition loud, to Tumult mad, shall bawl;

And Welcome Thee to Satan's gloomy Hall:

Slander with all her Snakes shall hiss thy Praise;

Treason leave all her Plots on Thee to gaze:

Lewdness with Deism shall Record thy Name,

And Envy shall not envy Thee thy Fame.

That wither'd, crooked Witch, Old Heresy,
Will Wanton, Frantick grow, at sight of Thee:

Catch Thee with Lust extarick in her Arms;

Smiling with Youth renew'd, and Virgin Charms:

Then eager press her burning Lips to thine,

And round thy Neck, like a fond Mistrels, twine.

Vain Glory, (Mighty Builder!) last shall raise,
At my Expence, this Fabrick to thy Praise.

Three Hundred Cubits from the solid Ground,
(And all Emboss'd with swelling Sculpture round)

The Column rises just; with Strength and Beauty crown'd.

High on its flaming Top, shall L ——— T stand;

Thy Christian Rights wide open in thy Hand:

There, Thou shalt teach the Damn'd to Curse, Revile

God's Priesthood and his Sons: the damn'd the while

Forgetting all their Pains; shall listning Smile.

Sullen Enthusiasm tearing of his Hair,

Distorted, Foaming, Trembling, in Despair,

Low at the Pillars Bale half-rai'd shall lie,

Then Staring upwards, with a Shriek shall cry,

Are Atheists lifted up in Hell so high!

On thy Right-hand, Proud Blasphemy shall sit,

And on thy Left, *Erastian* Scurry Wit,

Impudence, Sophistry, (Hell's Rabble Rour)

With Error, Folly, Vanity, and Doubt;

Huzza—The Rights—The Christian Rights—shall shout.

The Scriptures all to shivers torn, shall fly

Like driving Snows along a stormy ky:

The Spoils of Christian Churches shall bestrow

With sweet Confusion all the Plain below.

Rage unreclaim'd shall round the Ruins ride,

With stupid Irreligion by his Side:

(On Earth by Flattery Both for *Patriots* prais'd,

In Hell by me to Seats infernal rais'd)

These shall the Scepter, Robes and Diadem bring,

While I anoint Thee—Mischief's Monkey King.

Such a *Utha* Honours I prepare for those,

Who are, like Thee, to Priests Immortal Foes.

Was ever Land by silly Priests mis-led?

Did ever ancie t Heroes Parsons dread?

Ye drowzy Senators! from Sleep arise!

Ye Publick Patriots! when will Ye be Wise?

Wou'd Ye a true Dependant Priesthood have?

Resume the Tythes your dull Forefathers gave.

Let 'em at Altars for Subscriptions wait,

Or Arbitrary Pensions of the State:

Then if They dare, but what you'd have 'em teach,

Let 'em, like Paul, at their own Charges Preach:

While they their B. shopricks, and Dean'ries keep,

These Wolves will never tremble at You Sheep.

D. That little Text, my Liege! these Nonor's micks;

Jesurun, till he fattens, newer kicks.

S. The Convocation, do what'ere I can,

Still thwarts the Measures of my Dark Divan:

D. Might Slaves with Emperors in Counsel stare,

That Senate, in Ten Thousand Pieces tear.

In that, Britannia's Church collected stands;

A Giant with Two Heads, Three Hundred Hands.

Bodies United, Terrible appear;
Which separate, no, single Man won'd Fear:
Each Coward singly I my self cou'd beat;
But dare not All of 'em together meet.
So wary *Hawks* do fearful *Pidgeons* fly,
As they in *Squadrons* Wing the liquid sky:
When join'd in Troops, the Foe they wisely shun;
And yet, they'll Kill a Thousand, One by One.

S. Now I commend Thee M--n, wisely said;
And wisely with such Enemies proceed:
Do Thou instruct the Commons, and the Law,
With Premunires still those Priests to awe;
Then they'll Submit: Thus *Henry* gain'd his Cause;
All Shepherds tremble at a Lion's Paw:

For, tho' to Others, they of Suffering talk,
In their own Case they still that Doctrine baulk.
And after all --- if those Two Houses --- meet ---
--- D. The Devil, S. And the Doctor. D. Both are bit;
But for their *Gracious Empress* --- there's the Tark ---

S. Which will my utmost Care and Caution ask.
I own, she's arm'd with Piety and Prayer,
Such Goodness --- frequently eludes my Snares.
Firm and unshaken, hitherto Sh's stood;
Nor heeds the Noise and Workings of the Flood.
But Hope, you Morrals say, with Life does last,
Tho' beaten still, still I can rise as fast,
You cannot but remember Gentle *Eve*;

Tome --- the Wheedling of the Ladies leave.
Old *Clarendon* does well my Friends disgrace,
What then? --- my Friends at Court have met wit Place.
Patient I'll wait --- Observe the rowling Sky;
Then --- catch the lucky Minuter as they fly.

Once, with Success, I Hunted mighty Game;
That Day shall stand consign'd to Deathless Fame,
Earth trembl'd as my *Beagles* roaring onward came.
Remorseless, round the *Royal Heart* they stood,
And plung'd their *Dew-laps* in his *Sacred Blood*.
The Powers infernal Jealous, wonder'd why,
'Twas given to Mortal Men to Sin so high.
Thus fell Old Pious *CHARLES*, in Suff'rings Brave;
The *Rebels* Rul'd, their *Monarch* was their Slave:
His Clemency did first his State enthral;
And by his Goodness 'twas I wrought his Fall.

I fill'd his *Senates* with my sawcy Brood,
Erect with Sin and Impudence they stood;
The Subject Hector'd, and the *Monarch* Bow'd.
For that perhaps Above he is Renown'd,
But since on *Earth* a *Traitor's* Death he found,
I'me satisfy'd. D. go may all Kings be Crown'd!
S. Oh *ANNA*! When will Thy Devotion cease?
When will Thy Streams of *Charity* decrease?
That better Hopes may to our Prospect rise;
But Thou'rt confirm'd the *Darling of the Skies*.
Why art Thou thus too Generously Great?
To sink Thy Own, to raise the *Clergy's* State;
What Blessings still attend Thy Glorious Reign!
Oh *ANNA*! most perversly Pious *QUEEN*!
Heav'n Smiles to see Thee Rule thy Realms below;
And Sov'reign Power, with Sov'reign Goodness show.

Thy Royal Grandfire's Worth, with better Fate,
Shall make Thee, thro' all Ages, Truly Great.

D. All Mighty Ills by Fate's Adverse are cross'd;
Thus We not Works, but Wishes only boast:
Brave Ravillac thou'd else but Second stand
To me, in Hell's Assassinating Band:
Were it not otherwise Decreed above;

The Guardian Angels still the strongest prove.

But, Sir? --- those Foolish Universities!
Are They too, Guarded by Supreme Decrees?

Oh wou'd some other Henry but arise!
Dissolve their Colleges, their Buildings burn,
And all their Books to Flames and Ashes turn:
Sell all their Lands, to make the Nobles Drunk,
That ev'ry Commoner, as Olim --- nunt,
Might at the Churches Charges keep --- a Punk.

Then Thou * Bridgewater! thou'dst in Europe claim,
Oxford's Immortal Venerable Name:

Cambridge to * Taunton all Her Towns resign;

S. And Both, in Mighty L --- T's Praises join.

D. Thus Piety and Learning thou'd Decay,
And Ignorance and Atheism bear the Sway.

S. Exquisite Fiend! Satan's undoubted Seed!

How does thy Likeness justify thy Breed?

What Pity 'tis it ever thou'd be said,

That Thou did'st Eat a paltry Prelate's Bread.

For Shame! For Shame! thy Fellowship Resign!

Nor longer with those Christian Concombs Dine.

Forake thy Padant Cell, to Courts repair,

Triumphant Atheism Thou wilt meet with there:

Thy most degenerate Friends, the Courtiers tell,

We have not such Ingratitude in Hell;

To let a Youth, like Thee, regardless pass,

Nor mind the Glories of thy Glistening Face.

Merit, like Thine, to meet with no Reward!

Ye Guardian Pow'rs of Vice! 'tis wondrous hard;

King David's Admonition here is just;

Not Princes, nor in any Courtiers trust.

But hold --- my Time is almost quite expir'd;

Besides, below my Presence is requir'd.

-- ' Rot these Republicans! I am Betray'd;

' That Tutchin! has an Insurrection made

' With his Deposing Doctrines; but e're Day,

' I'll teach that Dog! Hell's Monarch to Obey.

Do Thou, then, quickly these few Orders take,

And I thy Room, at present, will forsake.

' To all thy real and admiring Friends,

' Satan, by Thee, his hearty Love commends.

' To T --- d, C --- ns, St --- ns, M --- l, tell,

' Sir R --- t H --- d Greets 'em kindly well;

' And hopes to see 'em shortly All --- in Hell.

' And I've a Letter here for Elquire S --- te.

' J --- n D --- n, with his Brethren of the Bays,

' His Love to G --- b, B aspheming G --- b, conveys;

' And Thanks him for his Pagan Funeral Praise.

' Hopes W --- y, whose Christian Name is Will,

' Continues very Witty, Wicked still:

The like of C---ve, V---h, and the Rest,
 Who Swear, that all Religion is a Jest.
 Tell Doctor B---r, That I mean,
 His Eve and Serpent have our Tattler been;
 Lucian, the Master that Dialogue Thanks;
 The Snake, and Lady faith, play --- pretty Pranks.
 Hugh Peters something said, a Canting Sot,
 About one Ben--- his Sir name I have forgot:
 His Measures of Submission, were Obey'd
 Exactly, by Wat. Tylor, and Jack Gade.
 George Fox to Lacy had some Warnings groan'd,
 But his stiff Scribe was no where to be found:
 The Fool himself, can neither Write nor Read;
 The Motions of his Chaps I did not heed.
 Old Arius cry'd, O Lucifer! I charge ye,
 Thank Wh---n for his Money to the Clergy:
 Oliver's Porter stop'd me at Hell's Door,
 And in my Ears this Prophecy did roar.
 "A certain circuitous Enthusiast Knight,
 Of Britain Great; a very little Wight,
 Sir R---d B---y call'd; bid him but wait,
 When Emer does rise, his Worship will be Streight.
 Have ye not here, on Earth Pray? Hell-whelps too?
 D. Your Highness means, if I conjecture true,
 Our Block-head Observator, and Review.
 S. The same ---
 They're mangy, lazy Currs, I'll have 'em Hang'd;
 Or else, 'till all their Bones are broken, Bang'd.
 In half this Time Pryn Ruin'd Church and Stare!
 D. All Scoundrels cannot grow, by Scribbling Great.
 S. If they can nothing more to Purpose say,
 I'll burn their Papers, and withdraw their Pay.
 Prithee reach hither, M---r! the Bibliothegue
 Choisy, where th' Author, of Your Works does speak:
 Because, Socinus has a Wager laid,
 There's something greatly to Your Honour said:
 And that our Scribbling Swifts, Le Clerc, will say
 As much --- of any Devil in Hell --- for Pay.
 In Winter, when at C---st---ne's You meet,
 Pray tell that Club, I Kiss their Cloven Feet.
 And at the Calve's-Head Feast, when next You Dine,
 Accept these Flasks of Acherontick Wine:
 The Toast---be Honest Noli's good Health and Mine.
 I'll have a Brace of D---s within this Sennight,
 Spite of the Doctrine of that Doctor K---
 From me, as from a Friend, his Reverence tell,
 We've Men of Sense and Quality in Hell.
 'Tis well remember'd---Take one Parting Kiss;
 Thine Elder Brother Judas sent Thee this.
 Thus having said, He in a Mist withdrew,
 And in a Moment up the Chimney flew.

FINIS

